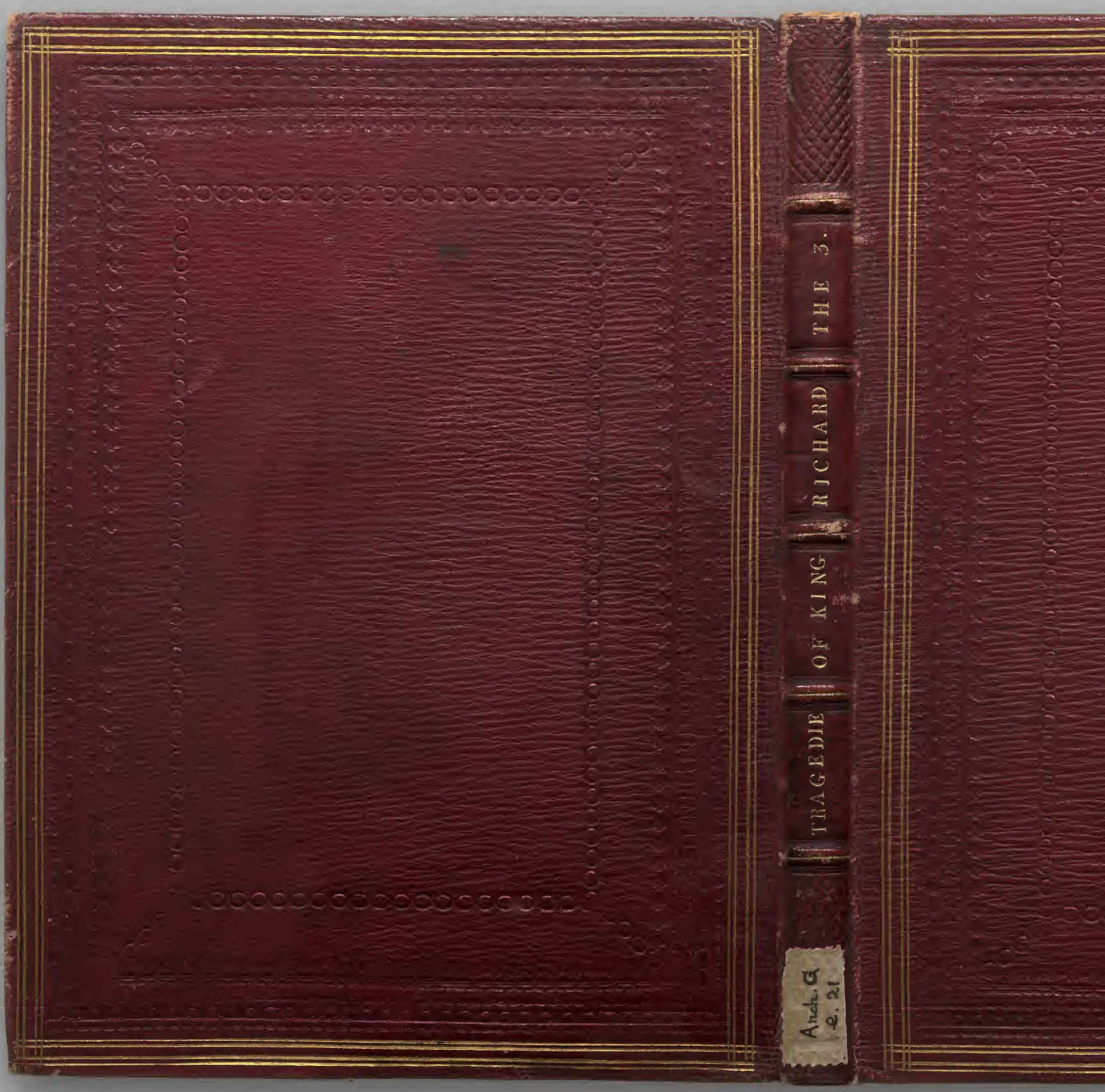

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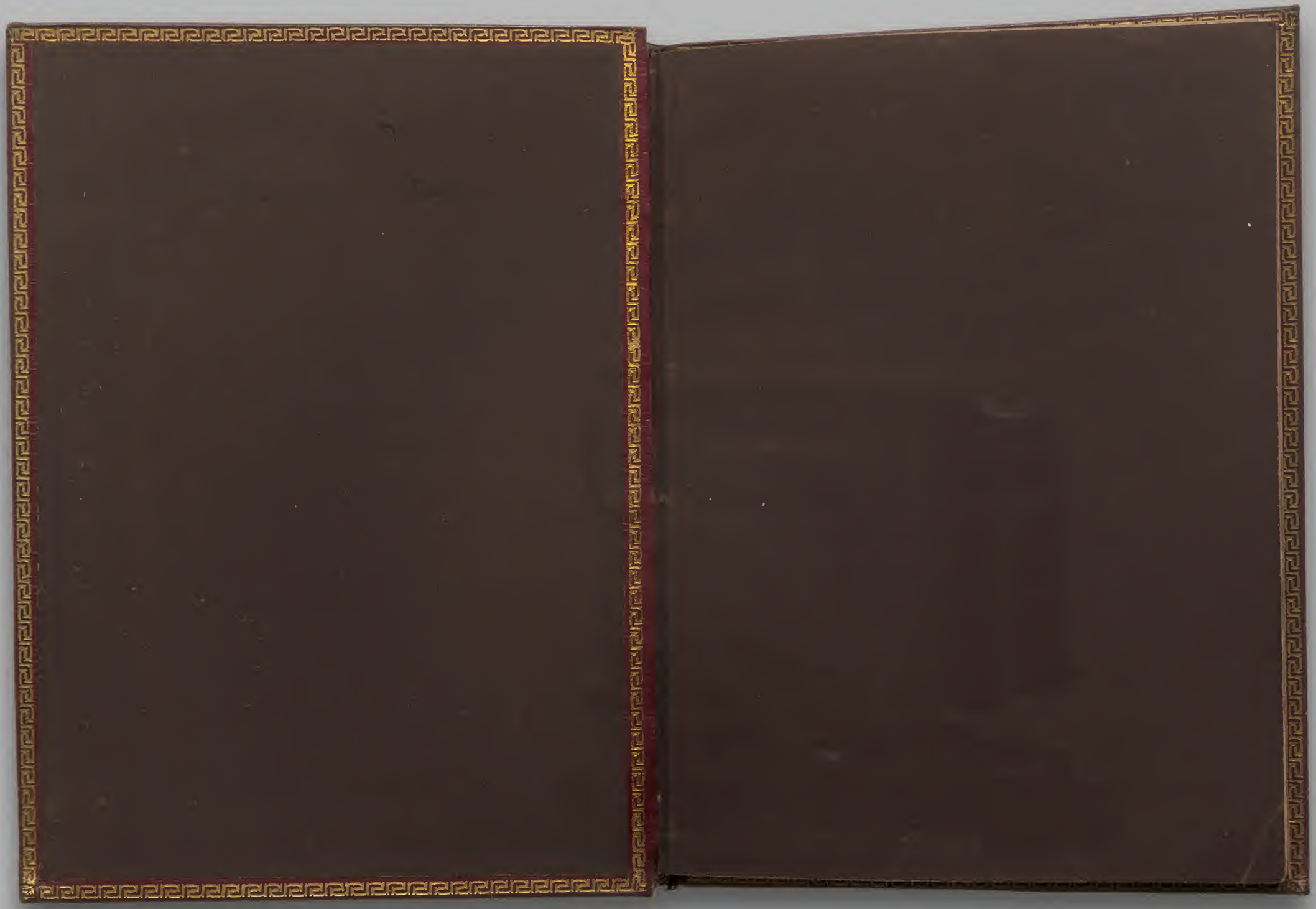

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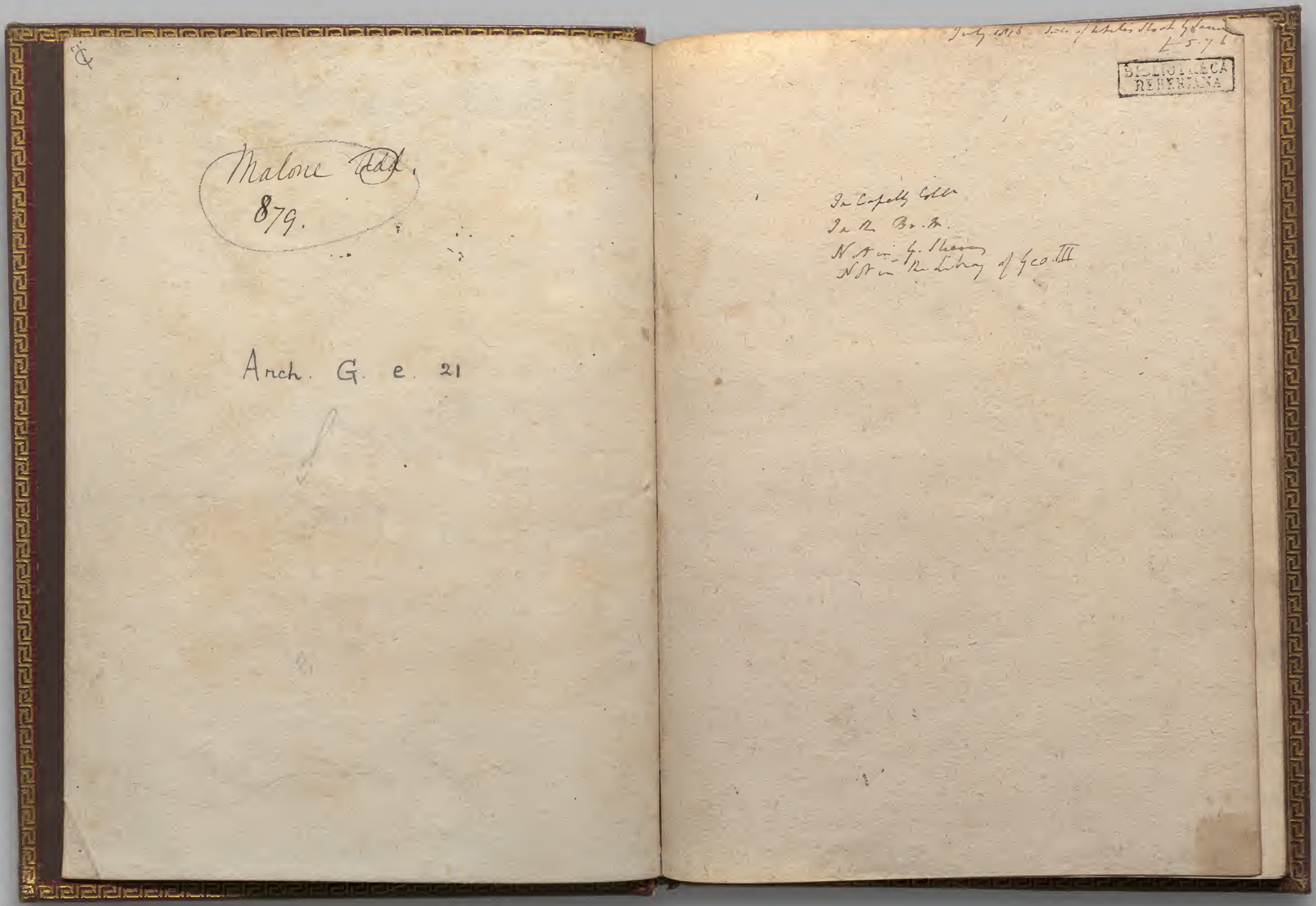
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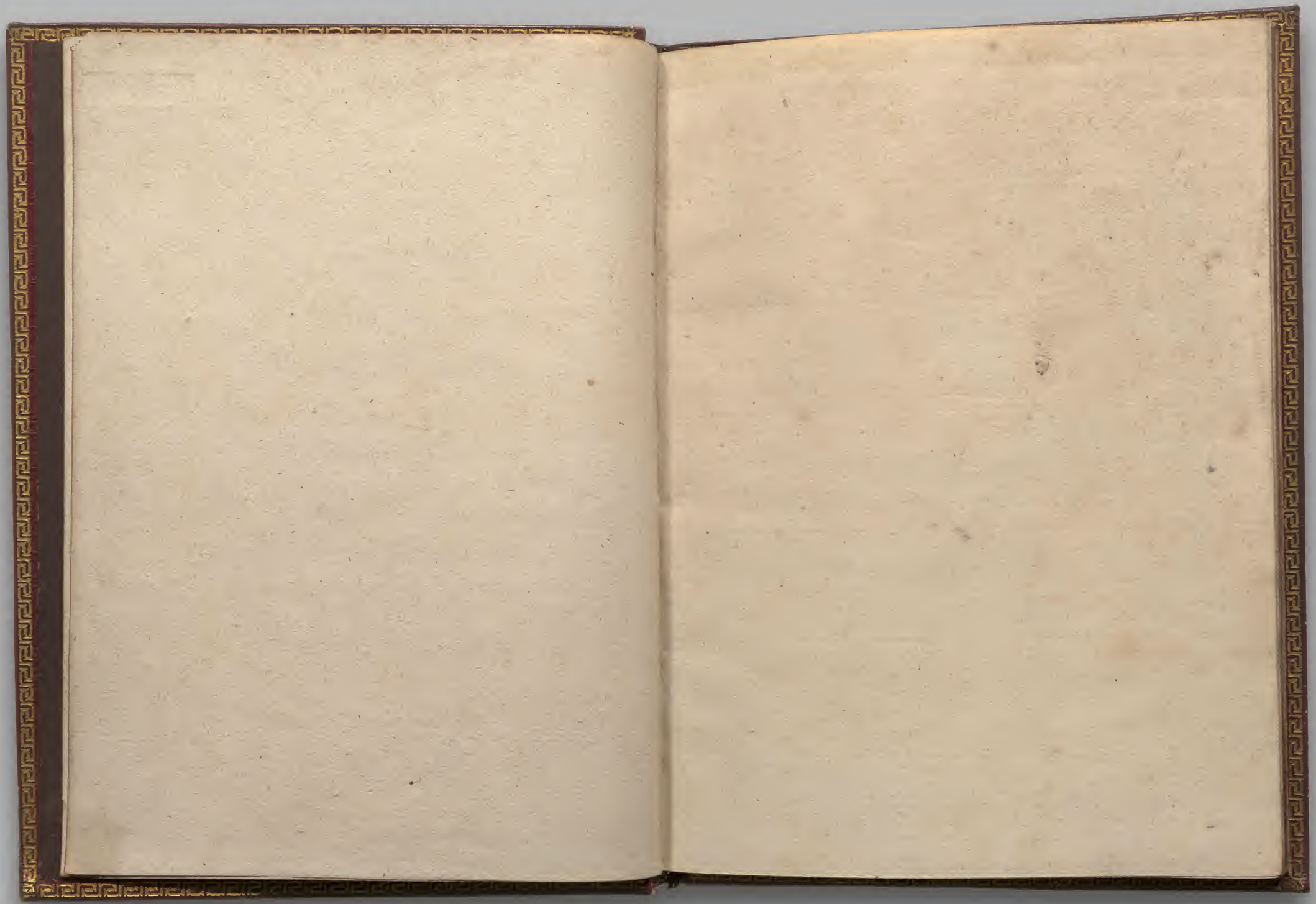

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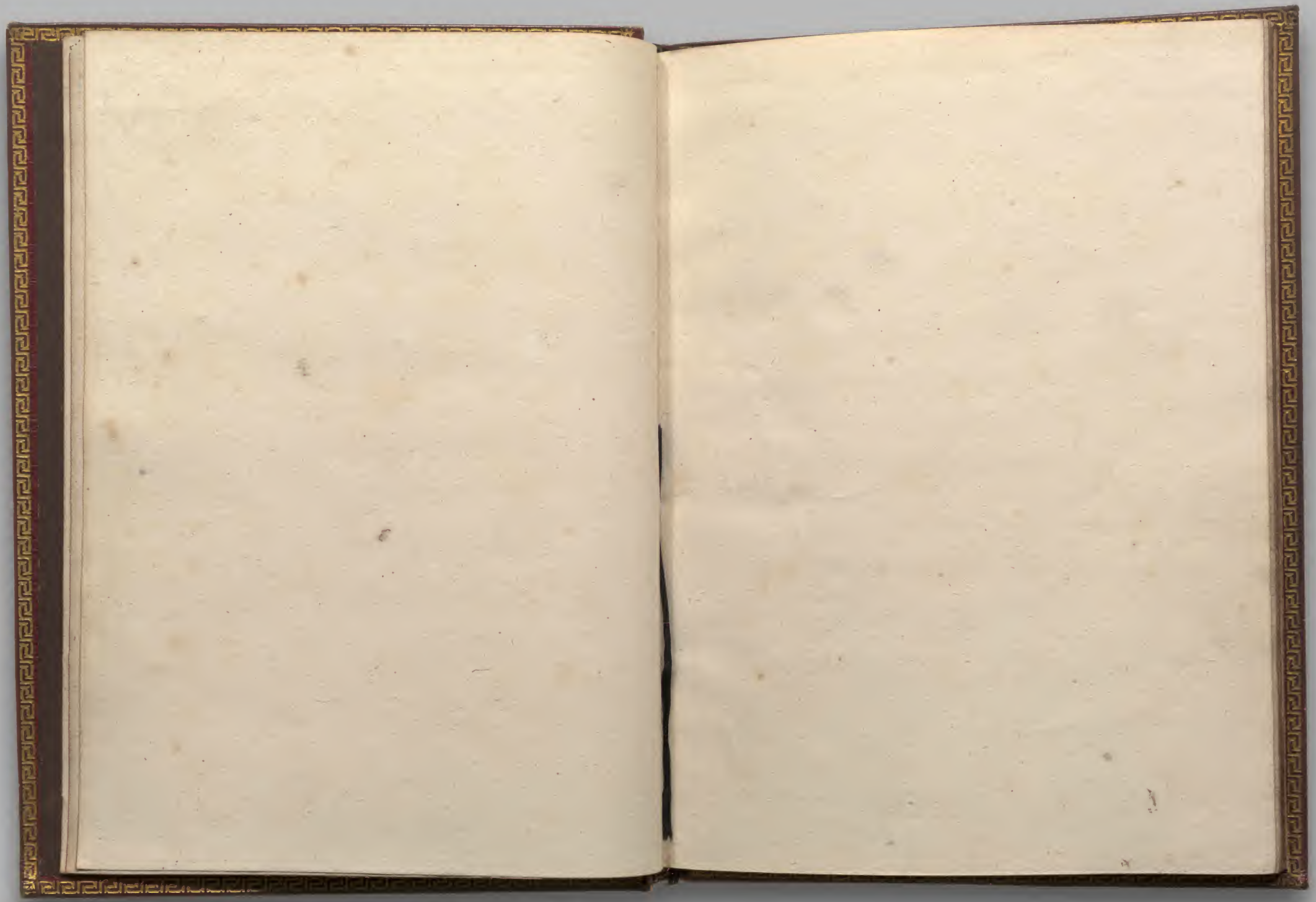

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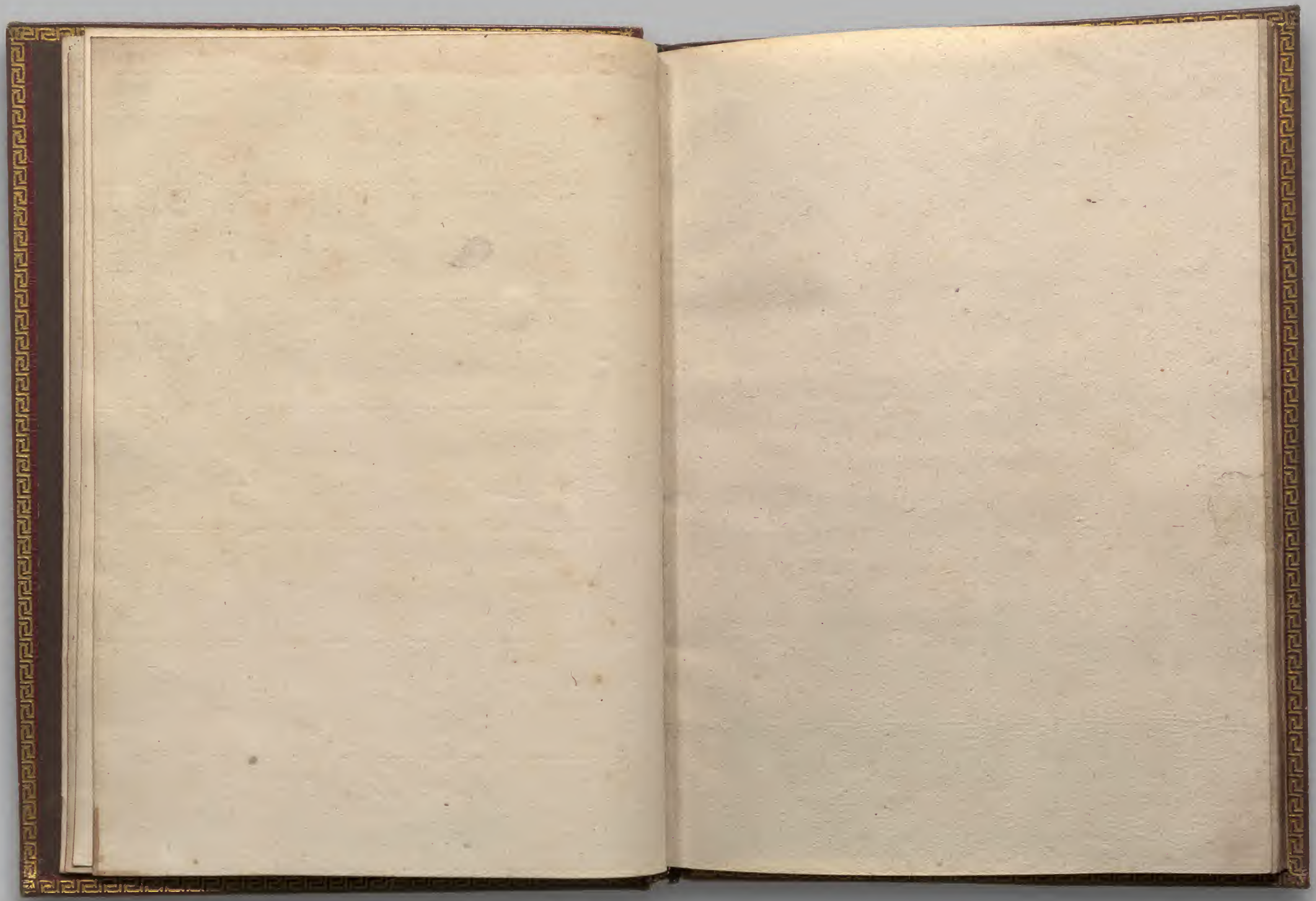

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.21) Octavo

THE TRAGEDIE of King Richard the third.

Conteining his treacherous Plots against his brother *Clarence*: the pitifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most *deserued death.*

As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.

By William Shake-speare.

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LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598.

The Actors

D. of Gloster
Buckingham
Brokenbury
L. Hastings
L. Riuers
Gray
Dorcet
D. Yorke } Edwards child:
Prince
Catesby
L. Stanly
Sr Rich. Ratliffe
Vaughan
Boy
Tirrel the murtherer
Edwards child

Edward Kinge
His Queene
Queene Margarett wife
to Henry
Clarence
Lady Anne
Dutches of Yorke
Boy } Clarence child:
Gerle
Cardenall
L. Maior
Darby
Bishop
Sr Xpopher
Richmonde
3 Lords
Blunt

Ghosts
Messingers
Executioners of Clarence
Citizens
[illegible]

This play to be read last.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

NOw is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this sonne of Yorke;
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull measures.
Grim-visag'd warre, hath smoothde his wrinkled front,
And now in stead of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers Nimblie in a Ladies chamber,
To the lascinious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not shapte for sportiue trickes,
Not made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stampt & want loues maiesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce half made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformities
And therefore since I cannot prooue a louer
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,

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I am determined to prooue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductious dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and iust,
As I am subtile, false, and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed vp,
About a Prophecy, which saies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with a gard of men.*
Heere Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard,
That waites vpon your grace? (pointed
Cla. His Maiestie tendering my persons safety hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the tower.
Glo. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the tower.
But what's the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G.
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne and such like toies as these,
Haue mooued his highnesse to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she,
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship Anthony

Anthony Woodvile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.
Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man is securde,
But the Queenes kindred and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistresse Shore,
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuerie.
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deitie.
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the king,
To be her men and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie gossips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me: Brokenbury.
His Maiestie hath straightlie giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euen so and please your worship Brokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the king
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire and not iealous.
We say that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lippe, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes.
How say you sir, can you denie all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue naught to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Mistresse Shore, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were best he do it secretly alone.
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?
Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare

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Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes abiects and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you or lie for you,
Meane time haue patient
I must perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Go tread the path that thou shalt neare returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?
Enter Lord Hastings.
Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?
Hast. With patience (noble Lord as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my lord to giue them thankes,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Hast. More pittie that the Eagle should be mewed,
While kights and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The king is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouer-much consumed his royall person,

Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
What is he in his bed?
Hast. He is. *Exit Hast.*
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die,
Till George be packt with post-horse vp to heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeld with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buzz abroad in:
For then Ile marrie Warwicks youngest daughter.
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*
Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Harry the 6.
Lady An. Set downe set downe, your honourable load,
If honor may be shrowded in a hearse,
Whilest I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold figure, of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloudlesse remnant of that royall bloud,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered sonne,
Stabd by the selfesame hands that made these holes,
Loe in those windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helplesse balme of my poore eyes,
Curst be the hand that made these fatall holes,
Curst be the heart that had the heart to do it.

More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee!
Then I can wish to adders, spiders, toades,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues,
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect,
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.
If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy loade,
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries corse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the corse and set it downe.
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deedes?
Glo. Villaine set downe the corse, or by S. Paule,
Ile make a corse of him that disobeyes.
Gent. My Lord, stand backe and let the coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmannerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breast,
Or by Saint Paule Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee beggar for thy boldnesse.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the deuell.
Auaunt thou dreadfull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweete Saint, for Charity be not so curst.
La. Foule deuil, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Filld it with cursing cries and deepe exclaimes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deedes,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh

Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henries woundes,
Open their congeald mouths, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For t'is thy presence that exhales this blood,
From colde and emptie veines where no bloud dwells.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God which this bloud madest, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this bloud drinkst, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doest swallow vp this good Kings bloud,
Which his hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Ladie you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,
Lady. Villaine thou knowest no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Lady. Oh wonderfull when Diuels tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry:
Vouchafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.
La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such despaire I should accuse my selfe.
La. And by dispairing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthie vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthie slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slue them not?
La. Why then they are not dead,
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.

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La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou liest, Queene Margaret saw
Thy bloudy faulchion smoking in his bloud,
The which thou once did bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slaunderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloudie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king? *Glo.* I grant yea.
La. Dost graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou mayest be damnd for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen, that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bedchamber.
La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kinde incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect,
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest one houre in your sweete bosome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.
Glo. These eies could neuer indure sweet beauties wracke,
You

You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sonne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengd on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go to, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why that was he.
Glo. The selfe same name, but one of better nature.
La. Where is he?
Glo. Heere. *She spitteth at him.*
Why dost thou spit at me?
La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.
Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poyson on a fouler toade,
Out of my sight, thou dost infect my eies.
Glo. Thine eies sweete Lady, haue infected mine.
La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:
Those eies of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:
I neuer sued to friend nor enemie,
My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing words:
But now thy beautie is proposde my fee;
My proude heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake;
Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Lo here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,

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Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,
And let the ſoule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to the deadly-ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, do not pauſe, twas I that kilde your husband,
But twas thy beautie that prouoked me:
Nay now diſpatch; twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on: *Here ſhe lets fall*
Take vp the ſword againe or take vp me. *the ſword.*
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will do it.
La. I haue alreadie.
Glo. Tuſh that was in thy rage.
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths thou ſhalt be acceſſarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer was man true.
La. Well, well, put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I ſhall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poore heart.
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore ſuppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe for euer:
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes,
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner.

And preſently repaire to Crosbie place.
Where after I haue ſolemnely interred
At Chertſie monaſtery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
Grant me this boone.
La. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Treſſill and Barkley go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell already. *Exit.*
Glo. Sirs take vp the corſe.
Ser. Towards Chertſie noble Lord?
Glo. No, to white Friers, there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humour woed? *Exeunt, manet Gl.*
Was euer woman in this humor wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kild her husband and his father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt heate:
With curſes in her mouth, teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of her hatred by,
Hauing God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I nothing to backe my ſuit at all,
But the plaine Diuell and diſſembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah?
Hath ſhe forgot alreadie that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord, whom I ſome three moneths ſince
Stabd in my angrie moode at Tewxbury?
A ſweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature;
Yong, valiant, wiſe, and no doubt right royall,
The ſpacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will ſhee yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That crept the golden prime of this ſweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?

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On me, whose all not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus.
My Dukedome to a beggerly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a maruailous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a looking glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of taylers,
To studie fashions to adorne my bodie,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost:
But first Ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue,
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, Lord Riuers, Gray,

Ri. Haue patience Madame, there's no doubt his Maie-
Will soone recouer his accustomed health. (stie
Gray In that you broke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace with quicke and mery words.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me.
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gr. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloecster,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarrie. (*Enter Buck. Darby*
Gr. Here come the Lords of Buckingham, and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue beene.
Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby notwithstanding, shees your wife,

And

And loues not me, be you good Lo. assurde
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Dar. I do beseech you either not beleeue
The enuious slaunders of her false accusers,
Or if she be accusde in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceedes,
From wayward sickenesse, and no grounded malice.
Riu. Saw you the King to day, my Lo, of Darbie?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham, and I,
Came from visiting his Maiestie.
Qu. With likelihoode of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his Grace speakes cheerfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloecster, and your brothers,
And betwixt them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloecster.*
Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the King?
That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:
By holy Paul they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dissentions rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abusde,
By silken sly insinuating Iackes?
Ri. To whom in all this presence speakes your Grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honestie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But

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But you must trouble him with lewd complaints,
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpoſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuter elſe,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kinred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell; the world is growne ſo bad.
That Wrens make prey where Eagles dare not pearch;
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman;
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue needе of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grants that we haue needе of you,
Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two daies ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie,
Againſt the Duke of Clarence; but haue beene,
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſly to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, Lo. Riuers, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts,
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.

Riu.

Riu. What marrie may ſhe?
Glo. What marrie may ſhe? marry with a King,
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lo. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes;
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey ſeruant maid,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at: *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margaret.*
Qu. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I haue ſaid,
I will auouch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, my paines are quite forgot.
Qu. Mar. Out diuell, I remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henrie in the Tower.
And Edward my poore ſonne at Teuxburie.
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King,
I was a packehorſe in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his bloud I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better bloud, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter:
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was't not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albons ſlaine?
Let me put in your minds, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Ma. A murtherous uillaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

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Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lo.) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childiſh, fooliſh for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the world
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lo. of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo. our lawfull king,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould inioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
Qu. Ma. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogither ioyleſſe.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In ſharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like ſubiects,
Yet that by you depoſde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine do not turne awae.
Glo. Foule wrinckled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight
Q. Ma. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before [illegible] go:
A husband, and a ſonne t[illegible]ſt to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of [illegible] allegeance:
The ſorrow that I haue by right is yours,
[illegible] all the pleaſures you vſurpe are mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eies,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the faultleſſe bloud of prettie Rutland:

His

His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounſt againſt thee, are all fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloudy deede.
Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.
Haſt. O twas the foulеſt deede to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.
Riu. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buck. Northunberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Qu. M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heuen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their Kingdoms loſſe, my wofull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your King,
As ours by murder, to make him a King.
Edward thy ſonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my ſonne, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Outlиue thy glorie, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene.
Riuers and Dorſet, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou Lo: Haſtings, when my ſonne
Was ſtabd with bloudie daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age;
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.
Q. M. And leaue out thee ſtay dog, for thou ſhalt hear me

If

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If heauen haue any greeuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liueſt,
And take deepe traitors for thy deareſt friends.
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels.
Thou eluiſh mark, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou lothed iſſue of thy fathers loynes.
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for I had thought
Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.

Qu. M. Why ſo I did, but lookt for no replie,
O let me make the period to my curſe.

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (ſelfe.

Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your

Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that bottled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe.
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.

Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,

Riu. Were you well ſerui'd you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To ſerue me well; you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and yon my ſubiects:

O

O ſerue me well, and teach yours ſelues that dutie.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.

Q. M. Peace Maſter Marques, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarſe currant:
O that your yong nobilitie could iudge,
What twere to looſe it and be miſerable:
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.

Glo. Good counſell mary, learne it, learne it Marques.

Dor. It toucheth you (my Lo:) as much as me.

Glo. Yea, and much more. but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.

Qu. M. And turnes the ſunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out ſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neſt,
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud, loſt be it ſo.

Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charitie.

Q. M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcherd;
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q. M. O Princely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Princely houſe.
Thy garments are not ſpotted with out bloud,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.

Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the aire.

Q. M. Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog. To Buck-a
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,

C 3 His

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His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.
Q. M. What do'st thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from? (sell?
O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,
And he to your, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses,
Riu. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at libertie.
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,
I was to hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,
He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.
Glo. So do I euer, being well aduisde,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe. *aside*
Catsf. Madam his maiestie doth call for you.
And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.
Riu. Madame we will attend your grace. *Exeunt. man. Rich.*
Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule
The secret mischiefes that I set abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others:
Clarence, whom I indeede haue laid in darkenesse:
I do beweepe to many simple guls:

Name-

Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,
And say it is the Queene, and her allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me,
To be reuengde on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray:
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie,
With old odde ends, stolne out of holy writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the Diuell:
But soft, here comes my executioners. *Enter executioners.*
How now, my hardie stout resolued mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?
Execu. We are, my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:
But sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withall, obdurate, do not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps,
May moue your hearts to pittie, if you marke him.
Exec. Tush, feare not, my Lo. we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers, be assured:
We come to vse our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eies drop milstones, when fooles eies drop tears,
I like you lads, about your businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, Brokenburie.

Bro. Why lookes your grace so heauily to day?
Clar. Oh, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly sights, of gastly dreames,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of dismall terror was the time.
Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it,
Cla. Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundie.
And in my companie my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walke,

Vpon

Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Vpon the giddie footing of the hatches,
Me thought that Glocester stumbled, and in stumbling,
Stroke me (that thought to stay him) ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of waters in mine eares,
What vgly sights of death within mine eies:
Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wracks,
Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of golde, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnualued Iewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As't were in scorne of eyes reflecting gems,
Which wood the slimie bottom of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brok. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?
Clar. Me thought I had: for still the enuious floud
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To seeke the emptie, vast, and wandering aire,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kindome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law, renowmed Warwicke,
Who cried alowd, what scourge for periurie,
Can this darke monarchie affoord false Clarence,
And so he vanisht: then came wandring by,

A sha-

A shadow like an Angell in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squeakt out alowd,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That stabd me in the field by Teuxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends,
Enuirond me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling, wakt: and for a season after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.
Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauie, and I faine would sleepe.
Bro. I will (my Lo.) God giue your Grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howers,
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night,
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle,
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt their titles, and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murtherers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Exec. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither on (my legs.
Bro. Yea, are you so briefe?
2 *Exec.* O sir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him . . . commission, talke no more. *He readeth it.*
Bro. I am in this commaunded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:
Here are the keies, there sits the Duke asleepe,

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Ile to his Maiestie, and certifie his grace.
That thus I haue resignd my charge to you.
Exe. Do so, it is a point of wisdome.
2 What shall I stab him as he sleepes?
1 No then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes,
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1 Why then he will say, we stabd him sleeping.
2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred
A kind of remorse in me.
1 What, art thou afraid?
2 Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1 Backe to the Duke of Gloecster, tell him so.
2 I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humor will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tell xx,
1 How dost thou feele thy selfe now? (in me.
2 Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet with-
1 Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conscience now?
2 In the Duke of Gloecsters purse.
1 So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
Thy conscience flies out.
2 Let vs go, there's few or none will entertaine it.
1 How if it come to thee againe?
2 Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man can not steale,
But it accuseth him: he cannot sweare, but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbours wife, but it detects
Him. It is a blushing shamfast spirit, that mutinies
In a mans bosome: it fils one full of obstacles,
It made me once restore a purse of gold that I found,
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euerie
Man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to trust
To himselfe, and to liue without it.

1 Zour

1 Zounds it is euen now at my elbow perswading me
Not to kill the Duke.
2 Take the Diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.
1 Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.
2 Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geare?
1 Take him ouer the costard with the hilts of thy sword,
And then we will chop him in the malmsey But in the next
2 Oh excellent deuice, make a sop of him, (roome.
1 Harke he stirs, shall I strike?
2 No, first lets reason with him.
Cla. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of wine.
1 You shall haue wine enough my Lo: anon.
Cla. In Gods name what art thou?
2 A man as you are.
Cla. But not as I am, royall.
2 Nor you as we are, loyall.
Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
2 My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
Cla. How darkely, and how deadly dost thou speake?
Tell me who are you, wherefore come you hither?
Am. To, to, to.
Cla. To murther me. *Am.* I.
Cla. You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?
1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.
Cla. I shall be reconcild to him againe.
2 Neuer my Lo: therefore prepare to die.
Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the euidence that do accuse me?
What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounst
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by course of law?

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To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs, deare blood shed for our greeuous sinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deede you vndertake is damnable.
1 What we will do, we do vpon command.
2 And he that hath commanded is the King.
Clar. Erronious Vassaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.
2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receiue the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.
1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vowe, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne.
2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.
1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?
Clar. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deede,
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deepe as I:
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,
He needes no indirect, nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloudy minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?
Clar. My brothers loue, the diuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the diuell, and thy fault,
haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Clar. Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,

I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for neede, go backe againe,
And I will sende you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2 You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I, so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And charged vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this deuided friendship.
Bid Gloucester thinke of this, and he will weepe.
Am. I milstones, as he lessond vs to weepe.
Cla. O do not slaunder him, for he is kind,
1 Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiu'st thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be, for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2 Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen,
1 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lo:
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule.
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet, to thy owne soule so blinde,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede.
2 What shall we do?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish.
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eie be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?

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1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.
2 A bloudy deede, and desperately performd,
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most greeuous guiltie murder done.
1 Why doest thou not helpe me?
By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2 I would he knew that I had saued his brother.
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1 So do not I, go coward as thou art:
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exeunt*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Ryuers, Dorcet, &c.

Kin. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euerie day expect an Embassage
From my redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part from heauen,
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
Riu. By heauen, my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.
Hast. So thriue I as I truely sweare the like.
Kin. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I as I loue Hastings with my heart.
Kin. Madame, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lo: Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly.
Q. Here Hastings, I will neuer more remember Our

Our former hatred so thriue I and mine.
Dor. This enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Hast. And so sweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now Princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate,
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue;
When I haue most need to imploy a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace, *Enter Gloucester.*
Buc. And in good time, here comes the noble Duke
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King & Queene,
And princely Peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeede, as we haue spent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong-inflenced Peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour my most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to this friendly peace,
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First Madame, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.

Of

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Of you my noble cooſen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you Lo. Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that Engliſh man aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.

Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded,
My ſouereigne liege I do beſeech your Maieſtie,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.

Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this.
To be thus ſcorned in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his corſe.

Riu. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buck. Looke I ſo palle Lo. Dorſet as the reſt?

Dor. I my good Lo. and no one in this preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerſt.

Glo. But he (poore ſoule) by your firſt order died,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lag to ſee him buried:
God grant that ſome leſſe noble, and leſſe loyall,
Nearer in bloudie thoughts, but not in bloud;
Deſerue not worſe then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from ſuſpition. *Enter Darbie.*

Dar. A boone (my ſoueraine) for my ſeruice done.

Kin. I pray thee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.

Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt.

Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demaundſt.

Dar. The forfait ſoueraigne of my ſeruants life.
Who ſlue to day a ryotous gentleman,
Latelie attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.

Kin. Haue

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue?
My brother ſlue no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bade me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brotherhood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mightie Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Teuxburie,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay ie the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and and naked to the numbcold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defaſte,
The precious image of our deare Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vnmuſſly too, muſt graunt it you:
But for my brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him, poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this. *Exit.*
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence,

Glo. This is the fruit of raſhneſſe: markt you not
How that the guiltie kinred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our companie. *Exeunt.*

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Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy.

Boy. Why doo you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappie sonne?

Gerl. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prettie Cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sickenesse of the King:
As loath to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour, to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With daylie praiers, all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vncle Gloucester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when hee tolde me so, hee wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheeke,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceite should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous visard hide foule guile:
He is my sonne, yea, and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke what noise is this? *Enter the Queen.*

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioine with blacke despaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence. Ed-

Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules, may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widowe, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moity of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plants and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aid you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
[illegible]ings reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my deare Lo. Edward.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo: Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and he is gone?

Am. What stay had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

Dut. What staies had I but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse.

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Ambo. Was euer Orphanets had a dearer losse?
Du. Was euer mother had a dearer losse?
Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do I:
I for an Edward weepe, and so do they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Proue all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glocest with others.*
Gl. Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue cause.
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I do crie you mercie,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
Du. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy mind,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good olde man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out?
Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart-sorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though wee haue spent our haruest for this King,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynde together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow:
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.
Ans. With all our hearts. *Exeunt, man. Glo. Buck.*

Buck. My Lord, who euer iourneyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt of,
To part the Queenes proude kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
I like a child will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.
Enter two Citizens.
1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill proue a troublesome world. *Enter another Cit.*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 It doth. 3 Then masters look to see a troublous world
1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 Wo to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So stood the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at xi. moneths olde.
3 Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With pollitike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest:
Which touch vs all too neare, if God preuent not.
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocester,
And the Queenes kindred hautie and proude,

And

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And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2 Come, come, we feare the worst, all shalbe wel.
3 When cloudes appeare, wise men put on their cloakes;
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sunne sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes, make men expect a dearth:
All may be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue or I expect.
1 Truelie the soules of men are full of dread:
Yee cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily, and full of feare.
3 Before the times of change, still it is so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boistrous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2 We are sent for to the Iustice.
3 And so was I, Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Quee. young Yorke.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at Northhampton;
At stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day, they will be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growen since last I saw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.
Dut. Why my yong Cozen it is good to growe.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My vncle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Gloucester,
Small herbes haue grace, great weedes grow apace,
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast:
Because sweete flowers are slowe, and weedes make haste.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold.
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,

So

So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if this were a true rule, he shoule be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnckles grace a flout, mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did.
Dut. How my pretie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marrie they say that my Vnckle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a pretie iest.
Dut. I pray thee pretie Yorke who told thee so?
Yor. Granam his nurse.
Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy, go to, you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angrie with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares.
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lo: Marques Dorset.
What newes Lo: Marques? *Enter Dorset.*
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to vnfolde.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lo: Riuers and Lo: Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or what these nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay mee, I see the downefall of our house,
The tyger now hath ceazd the gentle hinde:
Insulting tyranny begins to iet,
Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and Massacre.

Ise

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I see as in a mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eies beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loſſe,
And being ſeated, and domeſtike broiles
Cleane ouerblowne, themſelues the conquerours,
Make warre vpon themſelues, blood againſt blood.
Selfe againſt ſelfe, O prepoſterous
And frantike outrage, end thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuarie.
Dut. Ile go along with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Car. My gracious Ladie go,
And thither beare your treaſure and your goods,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace,
The ſeale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the ſanctuarie. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets ſound. Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.

Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your cham-
Glo. Welcome deare Coſen my thoughts ſoueraigne,
The wearie way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No vncle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, weariſome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Thoſe Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their ſugred words,
But lookt not on the poyſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.

Prin.

Pri. God keepe me from falſe friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. M. God bleſſe your grace, with health and happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:
I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings, that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. (*Enter L. Haſt.*
Buck. And in good time, here comes the ſweating Lord.
Pri. Welcome my Lord: what will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken ſanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lo. Cardinall, will your grace
Perſwade the Queene to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his princely brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, Lo. Haſtings go with him,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of Buckingham, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God in heauen forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed ſanctuarie, not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of ſo deepe a ſinne.
Buc. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lo.
Too ceremonious and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this age
You breake not ſanctuarie in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued that place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion, cannot haue it.

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Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuarie men,
But sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lo: you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on L: Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vnckle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it seemes best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may councell you, some day or two,
Your highnesse shall repose you at the tower:
Then where you please, and shalbe thought most fit,
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I do not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did, my gratious L: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or else reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:
Prin. But say my Lo: it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Aside. *Glo.* So wise, so young, they say, do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vnckle?
Glo. I say without characters fame liues long.
Thus like the formall vice iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Pri. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.
Buc. What my gratious Lord?

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our auncient right in France againe,
Or die a souldier as I liude a King.
Glo. Short summers lightly haue a forward spring. *Aside.*

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Pri. Rich. of Yorke, how fares our louing brother?
Yor. Well my dread Lo: so must I call you now.
Pri. I brother to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty.
Glo. How fares our Cousen noble L. of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vnckle. O my Lo:
You said that Idle weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lo:
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Cousen, I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you Vnckle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger litle Cousen, with all my heart.
Pri. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kinde Vnckle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cosen.
Yor. A greater gift, O that's the sword to it.
Glo. I gentle Cosen, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I see you wil part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.
Glo. It is too waightie for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Pri. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

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Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am litle like an ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.
Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons
To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle:
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe,
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along,
My selfe and my good Cousen Buckingham,
Will to your mother to entreate of her,
To meete you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?
Prin. My Lo: protector will haue it so.
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghost:
My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.
Prin. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lo: with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dorf manet, Rich. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perillous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well let them rest; Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart,
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkest thou? is it not an easie matter
To make William Lo: Hastings of our minde,
For the installement of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous ile?

Catef.

Catef. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buck. What thinkest thou then of Stanley, what will he?
Cat. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound thou Lo: Hastings, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be emploied.
Glo. Commend me to Lo: William, tell him Catesby,
His auncient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let bloud at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistresse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.
Buc. Good Catesby effect this businesse soundly.
Cat. My good Lo: both, withall the heed I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord.
Glo. At Crosby place there shall you finde vs both.
Buc. Now my Lo: what shall we do, if we perceiue
William Lo: Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, somewhat we will do,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possest.
Buc. Ile claime that promise at your graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse:
Come let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*
Enter a messenger to Lo: Hastings.
Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the dore?
Mes. A messenger from the Lo: Stanley. *Enter L: Hast.*

Hast.

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Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:
First he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night the beare had raſte his helme:
Beſides, he ſaies there are two councels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know yout Lordſhips pleaſure:
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeede poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the ſeparated councels:
His honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my ſeruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tel him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockery of vnquiet ſlumbers,
To flie the boare, before the boare purſues vs,
Were to incenſe the boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe:
Go bid thy maiſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both togither to the tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the boare will vſe vs kindly.
Meſ. My gratious Lo: Ile tell him what you ſay. *Enter*
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo: (*Catesby.*
Haſt. Good morrow Catesby, you are early ſtirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lo:
And I beleeue it will neuer ſtand vpright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
Haſt. How? weare the garland? doeſt thou meane the
Cat. I my good Lord. (crowne?
Haſt.

Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoulders
Ere I will ſee the crowne ſo foule miſplaſte:
But canſt thou gueſſe that he doth aime at it.
Cat. Vpon my life my Lo: and hopes to find you forward
Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Becauſe they haue bene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voice on Richards ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gratious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twe luemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my Maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord,
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O Monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo falls it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knoweſt are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.
Enter Lord Stanley.
What my L: where is your boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the boare and go ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My Lo: good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on: but by the holy roode.
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My Lo: I holde my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,

Was

Was it more pretious to me then it is now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London,
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day ouercast,
This sodaine scab of rancour I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I proue a needlesse coward:
But come my Lo: shall we to the tower?
Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes,
This day those men you talkt of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hat,
But come my Lo: let vs away. *Enter Hast, a Pursuant.*
Hast. Go you before, Ile follow presently.
Hast. Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it please your Lo: to aske.
Hast. I tell thee fellow tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now we meete:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.
Hast. Gramercy Hastings, hold spend thou that: *He giues him his purse.*
Pur. God saue your Lordship. *(Enter a Priest.*
Hast. What sir Iohn you are well met,
I am beholding to you for your last daies exercise:
Come the next sabaoth, and I will content you. *He whispers in his eare.*
Enter Buckingham.
Buc. How now Lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest (priest,
Your honour hath no shriuing worke in hand.
Hast. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of came into my minde:
What, go you to the tower my Lord?

Buck.

Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.
Hast. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buc. And supper too, although thou knowest it not:
Come shall we go along? *Exeunt.*
Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.
Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.
Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.
Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned bloudsuckers.
Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret, O thou bloudie prison,
Fatall and dominious to noble peeres.
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.
Gray. Now Margarets curse is falne vpon our heads:
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne:
Riu. Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham:
Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her praiers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.
Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your lines is out.
Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*
Enter the Lords to Councell.
Hast. My Lords, at once the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation:
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?
Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?
Dar. It is, and wants but nomination.
Riu. To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.
Buc. Who knowes the Lord protectors mind herein?

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Who is most inward with the noble Duke?
Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinkes you should soonest know
Buc. Who I my Lo? we know each others faces: (his mind
But for our harts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his; then you of mine:
Lo: Hastings, you and he are neere in loue.
Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the coronation:
I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuerd
His Graces pleasure any way therein:
But you my noble Lo: may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe, Ile giue my voice,
Which I presume he will take in gentle part.
Bish. Now in good time here comes the Duke himselfe.
Glo. My noble L. and Cosens all, good morrow, (*Ex. Glo.*
I haue bene long a sleeper, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.
Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lo:
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the King.
Glo. Then my L. Hastings no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.
Hast. I thanke your Grace.
Glo. My L. of Elie. *Bish.* My Lo:
Glo. When I was last in Holborne,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.
Bish. I go my Lord.
Glo. Cosen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the testy Gentleman so hot,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,
His Maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royalty of Englands throane.
Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Gl.*
Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:

For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be, were the day prolonged. *Enter Bi. of Ely.*
Bi. Where is my L. protector, I haue sent for these strawberies.
Ha. His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I thinke there is neuer a man in christendome,
That can lesser hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?
Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewen it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I say. *Enter Glo.*
Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserue,
That do conspire my death with diuelish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild,
Vpon my bodie with their hellish charmes?
Hast. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lo:
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:
I say my Lord they haue deserued death.
Glo. Then be your eies the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Hast. If they haue done this thing my gratious Lo:
Glo. If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Telst thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
I will not dine to day I sweare,
Vntill I see the same, some see it done:
The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Ha. Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Cat. with Ha.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,

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But I disdaind it, and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day, my foote cloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he looke vpon the tower,
As loth to beare me to the slaughterhouse.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies:
How they at Pomfret bloudily were butcherd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curse,
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.
Cat. Dispatch my Lo: the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken sayler on a mast,
Readie with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me, that shortly shalbe dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloster and Buckingham in armor.

Glo. Come Cosen, canst thou quake and change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfait the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side:
Intending deepe suspition, gastly lookes
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Glo. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo: Mai.
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walls.

Buck.

Buck. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs. *Enter Catesby*
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. *with Hast. head.*
Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The daungerous and vnsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian,
Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
Made him my booke, wherein my soule recorded,
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smoothe he daubd his vice with shew of vertue,
That (his apparant open guilt omitted:)
I meane his couersation with Shores wife,)
He laid from all attainder of suspect. (traitor
Buck. Well well, he was the couertst sheltred
That euer liu'd, wold you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, wert not by great preseruatiõ
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the councell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocester.
Maior. What, had he so?
Glo. What thinke you we are Turks or Infidels,
Or that we would against the forme of lawe,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safety
Inforst vs to this execution?
Ma. Now faire befal you, he deserued his death,
And you my good Lo: both, haue well proceeded
To warne false traitours from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.
Duk. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,

 Because

Becauſe my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor ſpeake, and timerouſly confeſſe
The maner, and the purpoſe of his treaſon,
That you might well haue ſignified the ſame
Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Miſconſter vs in him, and wayle his death.
Ma. But my good Lord, your graces word ſhall ſerue
As well as I had ſeene or heard him ſpeake,
And doubt you not, right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious citizens,
With all your iuſt proceedings in this cauſe.
Glo. And to that end we wiſht your Lordſhip here,
To auoide the carping cenſures of the world.
Buc. But ſince you come too late of our intents,
Yet witneſſe what we did intend, and ſo my Lord adue.
Glo. After, after, coſen Buckingham. *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guildhall hies him in all poſt,
There at your meetſt aduantage of the time,
Inferre the baſtardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Cittizen,
Onely for ſaying he would make his ſonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his houſe,
Which by the ſigne thereof was termed ſo.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And beſtiall appetite in change of luſt,
Which ſtretched to their ſeruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his luſtfull eye, or ſauage heart
Without controll lifted to make his prey:
Nay for a needе thus farre, come neere my perſon,
Tell them, when that my mother went with childe
Of that vnſatiate Edward, noble Yorke,
My princely father then had warres in France,
And by iuſt computation of the time,
Found, that the iſſue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this ſparingly as it were farre off,
Becauſe you know, my Lord, my mother liues.

Buc.

Buc. Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade
Were for my ſelfe.
Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to baynards Caſtle,
Where you ſhall finde me well accompanied,
With reuerend fathers and well learned Biſhops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guildhall affordeth, and ſo my Lord farewell.
Glo. Now will I in to take ſome priuie order, *Exit Buc.*
To draw the brats of Clarence out of ſight,
And to giue notice, that no maner of perſon
At any time haue recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord Haſtings,
Which in a ſet hand fairely is engroſſt.
That it may be this day read ouer in Paules:
And marke how well the ſequell hangs togither,
Eleuen houres I ſpent to write it ouer.
For yeſternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The preſident was full as long a dooing,
And yet within theſe fiue houres liued Lord Haſtings,
Vntaynted, vnexamined, free, at liberty:
Heres a good world the while. Why whoes ſo groſſe
That ſees not this palpable deuice?
Yet whoſe ſo blinde but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter at one dore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord, what ſay the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme, and ſpeake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the baſtardy of Edwards children?
Buc. I did, with the inſatiate greedineſſe of his deſires,
His tyranny for trifles, his owne baſtardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in your forme and nobleneſſe of minde.

Laid

Laid open all your victories in Scotland:
Your discipline in war, wisedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratorie grew to an end,
I bid them that did loue their countries good,
Crie, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathing stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And askt the Maior what meant this wilfull silence?
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus, saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurld vp their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God saue King Richard.
Thankes louing Citizens and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedomes and your loue to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongleſse blocks were they, would they not,
Buc. No by my troth my Lo: (speake?
Glo. Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.
Buc. *Glo.* The Maior is here at hand, and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie suite:
And looke you get a prair booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maides part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee, for my selfe,

No

No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.
Buc. You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Maior, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby what saies he?
Cates. My Lord, he doth intreate your grace
To visit him to morrow or next day,
He is within with two right reuerend fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in nō worldly suite would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Cittizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.
Cates. Ile tell him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dalying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule.
Happie were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himselfe the soueraignte thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.
Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby, *Ent. Cates.*
What saies your Lord?
Cates. My Lord, he wonders to what end, you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sorie I am my noble Cosen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.21) Octavo

When holie and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich, with two Bishops aloft.

Maior. See where he stands betweene two clergie men.
Buck. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince.
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,
Famous Plantagenet, most gratious Prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my request,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends,
But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure?
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouerned Ile.
Glo. I do suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eies,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my Lord, would it please your grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreame seat, the throne maiesticall,
The sceptred office of your auncestors,
The lineall glorie of your royall house,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilest in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our countries good,
This noble Ile doth want her proper limbes,
Her face defac't with stars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion,
Which to recure we hartily solicit,
Your gracious selfe to take on you the soueraignty thereof,
Not as Protector steward substitute,

Or lowlie factor for anothers gaine:
But as successiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consorted with the Citizens
Your very worshipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust suite come I to moue your grace.
Glo. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and dew by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered.
But God be thanked there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiestie,
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buc. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered:
You say, that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edwards wife,
For first he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues a witnesse to that vowe,
And afterward by substitute betrothed.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.21) Octavo

To *Bona* ſiſter to the King of France,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt daies
Made priſe and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion and loathd bigamie.
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got,
This Edward whom our maners terme the prince
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.

Mai. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Cates. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.

Glo. Alas, why would you heape thoſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie,
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buc. If you refuſe it, as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the child your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kinde effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you accept our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant ſome other in the throane,
To the diſgrace and downfull of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.

Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Catesby

Cates. Call them againe, my lord, and accept their ſute.

Ano. Do, good my lord, leaſt all the land do rew it.

Glo. Would you inforce me to a world of care:
Well, call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kinde intreates,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule,
Coſen of Buckingham, and you ſage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare her burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to indure the lode,
But if blacke ſcandale or foule-fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.

Mai. God bleſſe your grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.

Buc. Then I ſalute you with this king ly title:
Long liue Richard, Englands royall king.

Mai. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd.

Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good coſen, farwell gentle friends.

Enter Queene mother, Ducheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet, at one doore, Ducheſſe of Gloſter at another doore.

Du. Who meets vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Siſter well met, whether away ſo faſt?

Du. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind ſiſter thanks, weele enter all togither, *Enter*
And in good time here the Liuetenant comes. *Lieutenant.*
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?

Liu. Well Madam, and in health, but by your leaue,

I may not suffer you to visit him,
The king hath straightlie charged the contrarie.
Qu. The king? whie, whose that?
Lieu. I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, Mother, and will see them.
Duch. Glo. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou, lle beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doo beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not do it. *Enter L. Stanlie.*
Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And lle salute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else sound,
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your grace?
Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, go crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.
Duch. Yor. O ill dispersing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,

A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoided eie is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haste was sent.
Duch. And I in all vnwillingnesse will go,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge,
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,
Were red hotte steele to seare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadly poison,
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not the glorie,
To feede my humer, wish thy selfe no harme.
Duch. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries course,
When scarce the bloud was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint, which then, I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so young, so olde a widow,
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so madde,
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heate,
Grosselie grew captiue to his honie words,
And prou'd the subiectes of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.
Duch. Glo. No more then from my soule, I mourne for yours.
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glorie.
Duch. Glo. Adue poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.
Du. Yor. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee.

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Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth the throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is king Richard seated:
But shall we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioice in them?
Buc. Still liue they, and for for euer may they last.
King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.
Buc. Say on my gratious soueraigne.
King. Why buckingham, I say I would be king.
Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowmed liege.
King. Ha: am I king? 'tis so, but Edward liues.
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should liue true noble prince.
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenly performde.
What saist thou? speake suddenly be breefe.
Buc. Your grace may do your pleasure.
King. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindnesse freeseth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?
Buc. Giue me some breath, some little pause my Lord,
Before I positiuelie speake herein:
I will resolue your grace immediatlie.
Cates. The King is angrie, see, he bites the lip.
King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles
And vnrespectiue boies, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eies:

Boy,

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.
Boy. My Lord.
King. Knowest thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde.
Golde were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Go call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntrude
And stops he now for breath? *Enter Darby.*
How now, What newes with you?
Darby. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad.
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne gentleman,
Whom I will marrie straight to Clarence daughter.
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marrie her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in bloud, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye. *Enter Tirrel.*
Is thy name Tirrell.
Tir. Iames Tirrell and your most obedient subiect.

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King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne,
King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou hast it two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.
Kin. Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say is it done,
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.
King Shall we heare from thee *Tirrel*, ere we sleep? *Exit Buc.*
Tir. Ye shall my Lord.
Buc. My lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did sound me in.
King. Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my lord.
King. *Stanley* he is your wiues sonnes. Wel looke to it.
Buc. My lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which your promised I should possesse.
King. *Stanley* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buc. What saies your highnesse to my iust demand?
King. As I remember, Henrie the sixt
Did prophecie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.
King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.
Buck. My lord, your promise for the Earledome.
Kin. Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

And

And called it Rouge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland tolde me once
I should not liue long after I saw Richmond.
Buc. My lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promisd me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.
King. Well, let it strike.
Buc. Why let it strike?
King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepest the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then resolue me whether you will or no?
Ki. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vain. *Exit.*
Buck. Is it euen so, rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings, and begone
To Brecnock while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch-act of pitteous massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did subborne,
To do this ruthlesse peece of butcherie,
Although they were flesht villains, bloudie dogs,
Melting with tenderneese and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth Dighton lai those tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling on another
Within their innocent alablaster armes,
Their lips foure red Roses on a stalke,
Which in their summer beautie kist each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow lai,
Which once quoth Forrest almost changd my minde,
But ô the diuel: there the villaine stopt,
Whilest Dighton thus told on we smothered

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The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speake and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloudie king. *Enter Ki. Rich.*
And here he comes, all haile my soueraigne liege.
King. Kind Tirrell am I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
Beget your happinesse, be happie then
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didst thou see them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrell?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them.
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. ~~*Tir.*~~ Come to me Tirrell soone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good.
And be inheritor of thy desire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till soone,
The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in marriage,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I go a iollie thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?
Cates. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond.
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied armie:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden seruitour to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snaile-pact beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing,

Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a King:
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in these confines slilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prooue as bitter, blacke and tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Qu. and the Duchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the ayre
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deede was done?
Qu. Mar. When holie *Harry* died, and my sweet sonne.
Duch. Blind sight, dead life poore mortall liuing ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.
Qu. O that thou woludst as well affoord a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholie seate,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I!
Duc. So many miseries haue crazd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q Mar. If auncient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefite of signorie,

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And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
I had an Edward, till a Richard kil'd him:
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou dist kill him:
I had a Rutland too, thou hopst to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, till Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre,
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her puefellow with others mone.
Duc. O, Harries wife, triumh not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.
Q. Ma. Beare with me, I am hungrie for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely smothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buie soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, saintes pray,
To haue him suddenly conueied away.

Cancell

Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.
Qu. O thou didst prophecie the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse,
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toade.
Q. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heaued a high, to be hurld downe belowe,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweete babes,
A dreame of which thou wert a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in iest, onely to fill the sceane.
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happie wife, a most distressed widow,
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name,
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care,
For one being sued too, one that humblie sues,
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none,
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me,
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left thee but, a very pray to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou were,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not,
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow,
Now thy proude necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slip my weatie necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.

Qu.

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the nights and fast the daies,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fouler then he is,
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.
Q. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. M. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.
Du. Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit Mar.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your Client woes,
Aerie succeeders of intestate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.
Duc. If so, then be not toong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sweet sonnes smothered.
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.
Qu. Hidst thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where should be grauen, if that right were righe,
The slaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou todes, thou todes, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?*
King. A flourish trumpets: strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets sound.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or

Or with the clamorous report of war:
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Du. Art thou my sonne?
King. I, I thank God, my father and your selfe,
Du. Then patiently heare my impatience.
Kin. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Du. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.
Kin. And briefe good mother for I am in hast.
Du. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Du. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy byrth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightful, desperate, wilde, and furious:
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
Ki. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie,
If it be so disgratious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Du. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see the more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Du. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,
Which in the day of battaile tire thee more
Then all the compleat armor that thou wearst,
My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards children,
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victorie,

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Bloudie thou art, bloudie will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall bloud,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They shalbe praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue!
And ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe as false to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnskard from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall bloud.
Qu. To saue her life, ile say she is not so.
King. Her life is onlie safest in her birth.
Qu. And onelie in that safetie died her brothers.
King. Lo at their births good stars were opposite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrarie,
King. All vnauoided is the doome of destinie.
Qu. True, when auoided grace makes destinie,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life. (armes
K. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd:
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be discouerd that can do me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.
Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
Kin. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall ripe of this earths glorie.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor?

Canst

Canst thou demise to any child of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angrie soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse,
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
K. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who dost thou meane shall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?
Qu. How canst thou woo her?
King. That would I learne of you.
As one that are best acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Kin. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happelie she will weepe,
Therefore present to her as sometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steept in Rutlands blood
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a storie of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou madest away her Vnckle Clarence,
Her Vnckle Riuers, yea and for her sake
Madest quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, you mocke me, this is not the way,

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To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
King. Infer faire Englands peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war,
King. Say that the king which may commaund intreats.
Qu. That at her hands, which the kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhalbe a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſoueraigntie.
King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainly told.
King. Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
King. Madam your reaſons are too ſhallow & too quicke
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
King. Harpe on it ſtill ſhal I, till hartſtrings breake.
King. Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophand, diſhonourd, and the third vſurped.
King. I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand, hath loſt his holy honor:
The Garter blemiſht, pawnd his knightlie vertue:
The crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his kinglie dignitie,
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude.
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrongd.
King. Now by the world,
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King. My

King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all,
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the king my brother made,
Had not bene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had bene breathing here,
Which now, two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith, hath made a praie for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe, haue many teares to waſh,
Hereafter time, for time, by the paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred,
Vngouernd youth, to waile it in their age,
The parents liue, whoſe children thou haſt butcherd,
Old withered plants, to waile it with their age,
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſuſed, eare yſed, by time miſuſed orepaſt.
King. As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe, my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke,
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculate deuocion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without, her follows to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine, and decaie,
It cannot be auoyded but by this,

 Ie will

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It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so,)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue,
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish, fond in great designes.
Qu. Shal I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doo good.
Q. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
King. I, if your selfes remembrance, wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that nest of spicerie they shall breed,
Selfes of themselues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother by the deede.
Qu. I goe, write to me very shortlie.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse, farewel *Exit.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious soueraigne, on the westerne coast,
Rideth a puissant Nauie. To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall,
And there thy hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a shore.
King. Some light-foote friend, post to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesbie, where is he?
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke, post thou to Salisburie,
When thou comest there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke.
Cat. First mightie soueraigne, let me know your minde,
What from your grace, I shall deliuer them.
King. O, true good Catesbie, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presentlie at Salisburie.
Rat.

Rat. What is it your hignes pleasure, I shall do at Salisbury?
King. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your highnesse told me I should post before.
Kin. My mind is changd sir, my minde is changd.
How now, what newes with you?
Enter Darbie.
Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why doest thou runne so many mile about,
When thou maist tell thy tale a nearer way.
Once more, what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the seas.
King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?
Dar. I know not mightie soueraigne, but by gueesse.
King. Well sir, as you gueesse, as you gueesse.
Dar. Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckingham and Elie,
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the chaire Emptie? is the sword vnswaied?
Is the king dead? the empire vnpossest?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the sea?
Dar. Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot gueesse.
King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueesse, wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.
King. Wher is thy power then, to beate him backe?
Where are thy tennants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore?
Safe conducting, the rebels from their ships.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.
Dar. They haue not bin commaunded, mightie soueraigne.
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,

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Ile muſter vp my friends and meete your grace,
Where, and what time, your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
King. I, I, thou would'ſt be gone to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
Dar. Moſt mightie Scueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe.
King. Well, go muſter men, but heere you, leaue behinde,
Your ſonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme,
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I prooue true to you.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My gracious ſoueraigne, now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many mo confiderates, are in armes.
Enter an other Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Liege, in Kent the Guilfordes are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors,
Flocke to their aide, and ſtill their power increaſeth.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.
He ſtriketh him.
King. Out on you owles, nothing but ſongs of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.
Meſ. Your grace miſtakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by ſudden floud, and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is diſperſt and ſcattered,
And he himſelfe fled, no man knowes whither.
King. O I crie you mercie, I did miſtake,
Ratcliffe reward him, for the blow I gaue him,
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham.
Meſ. Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. Sir Thomas Louel, and Lord Marques Dorſet,
Tis ſaid my Liege, are vp in armes,

Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Brittaine nauie is diſperſt, Richmond in Dorſhire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the ſhore,
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no:
Who anſwered him, they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie, he miſtruſting them,
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Brittaine.
King. March on, march on, ſince we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forreine enemies,
Yet to beate downe, theſe rebels here at home.
Enter Catesby.
Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
Thats the beſt newes; that the Earle of Richmond,
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they muſt be told.
King. Away towards Salisburie, while we reaſon here,
A royall battell might be wonne and loſt.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought,
To Salisburie, the reſt march on with me.
Exeũt.
Enter Darbie, Sir Chriſtopher.
Dar. Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the ſtie of this moſt bloudie bore,
My ſonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes young Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my preſent aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chriſt. At Pembroke, or at Herford-weſt in Wales.
Dar. What men of name reſort to him.
S. Chriſt. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowmed ſouldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, ſir William Stanlie,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, ſir Iames Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their courſe,
If by the way, they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartilie conſented,
He ſhall eſpouſe Elizabeth her daughter.

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These letters will resolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king Richard let me speake with him.
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holie king Henrie, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do throgh the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction.
This is Alsoules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Whie then Alsoules day, is my bodies domesday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time,
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found,
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith, of him I trusted most:
This, this Alsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determind respit of my wrongs:
What high al-seer, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in ieast.
Thus doeth he force the swords of wicked men.
To turne their owne pointes, on their maisters bosome:
Now Margarets curse, is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Prophetesse,
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment.
And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,

Lines

Lines of faire comfort, and incouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your summer-fields, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme bloud like wash, and makes his trough,
In your inboweld bosomes, this foule swine,
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheere on, couragious friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.
1. Lo. Euerie mans conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2. Lo. I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. Lo. He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Enter King Richard, Norffolke, Ratcliffe, Catesbie, with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bosworth field,
Whie, how now Catesbie, why lookest thou so sad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norffolke, come hither.
Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
Norff. We must both giue, and take my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow, well all is one for that:
Who hath discried the number of the foe.
Norff. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want,
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,

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For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords, &c.

Rich. The wearie ſunne hath made a golden ſeate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodlie day to morrow,
Where is ſir William Brandon, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keep his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goeſt:
Where is Lord Stanlie quarterd, doeſt thou know?

Blunt. Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his colours much,
Which well I am aſſur'd, I haue not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mightie power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moſt needfull ſcrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, ile vndertake it,

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.
Giue me ſome inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile draw the forme, and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength,
Come, let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſineſſe,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold:

Enter king Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe Catesbie, &c.

Kin. What is a clocke.

Cat. It is ſixe of clocke, full ſupper time,

Kin. I will not ſup to night, giue me ſome inke and paper,
What, is my beuer eaſier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readineſſe.

King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſtie centinell.

Norff. I go my Lord.

King. Stur

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.

Norff. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesbie.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Purſeuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before ſun riſing, leaſt his ſonne George fall
Into the blinde caue of eternall night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound and not too heauy, Ratliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Saweſt thou the melancholie L: Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himſelfe,
Much about cockſhut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the armie chearing vp the ſoldiers.

King. So I am ſatisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of ſpirit
Nor cheare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe. Is inke and paper readie?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I ſay. *Exit. Ratliffe.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon noble father in law,
Tell me how fares our louing mother?

Dar. I by attorney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkeneſſe breakes within the eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring war,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,

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With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundried friends should dwell vpon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen. *Exunt.*
O thou whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
The vsurping helmets of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still!

Enter the ghost of yoong Prince Edward, sonne to Henry the sixt, to Rich.

Ghost to Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow.
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Teukesburie, dispaire therefore and die.

To Rich. Be chearful Richmond for the wronged soules
Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost to Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed bodie,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower and me, dispaire and die.

Harrie

Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holie be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and florish.

Enter the Ghoast of Clarence.

Ghoast. Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fulsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betraid to death:
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battaile, liue and florish.

Enter the ghoasts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riu. *King.* Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret dispaire and die.

Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare,
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

All to *Ri.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the ghoasts of the two young Princes.

Ghost to Ri. Dreame on thy Cosens smothered in the tower,
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To Ri. Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace and wake in ioy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Liue and beget a happie race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee florish.

Enter the ghoast of Hastings.

Ghoast. Bloudie and guiltie, guiltilie awake,
And in a bloudie battaile end thy dayes,
Thinke on lord Hastings, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghoast of Ladie Anne his wife.

Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

That

That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoast of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.
O Coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason: why?
Leaft I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lie, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemns me for a villaine:

Periurie

Periurie, periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule will pittie me:
And wherefore should they, since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I murtherd,
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Ki. Zoundes, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, the early village cocke,
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Rateliffe, I haue dreamd a fearfull dreame,
What thinkst thou, ~~will our friends proue all true~~?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night,
Haue strooke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers,
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come, go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewse dropper,
To see if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lor. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Crie mercie Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.

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Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promise you, my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lo. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing countrimen,
The leisure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prairers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard, except those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raisd in bloud, and one in bloud established,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those, that were the meanes to helpe him.
A base foule stone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie.
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice, ward you as his souldiers,
If you doe sweate to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,
If you do fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall paie your paines the hire.
If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your standards, draw your willing swords,
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this colde corps on the earths cold face:

But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you, shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldlie, and cheerefullie,
God, and Saint George, Richmond and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond.

Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.

King. He said the truth, and what said Surrey then.

Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:
Tell the clocke there. *The clocke striketh.*
Giue me a calender, who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should haue braued the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie Rat.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these dewie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me?
More then to Richmond, for the selfe-same heauen,
That frownes on me, lookes sadlie vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Norff. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, buskle, buskle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Stanlie, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth, my souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battaile shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equallie of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn, Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of this foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow,
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side,
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou Nor.

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Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.
Iockey of Norfolke be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemie.
Go Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:
Conscience is but a word that cowards vse,
Deuisd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his Armie.

What shall I say more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To desperate aduentures and assurd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest,
You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittains whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,

Draw

Draw archers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mes. My lord, he doth denie to come,
King. Off with his sonne Georges head.
Nor. My lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battaile let George Stanley die.
King. A thousand harts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes.
Our ancient word of courage fare saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helmes. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbie.

Cates. Rescew my lord of Norffolke, rescew, rescew.
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euerie danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire lord, or else the day is lost.

Enter Richard.

Kin. A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.
Cates. Withdraw my lord, ile helpe you to a horse.
King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him,
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richards is slain, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmõd, Darby, bearing the crowne, with other Lords, &c.

Ri. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloodie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vsurped roialties
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, enioy it, and make much of it.

Rich.

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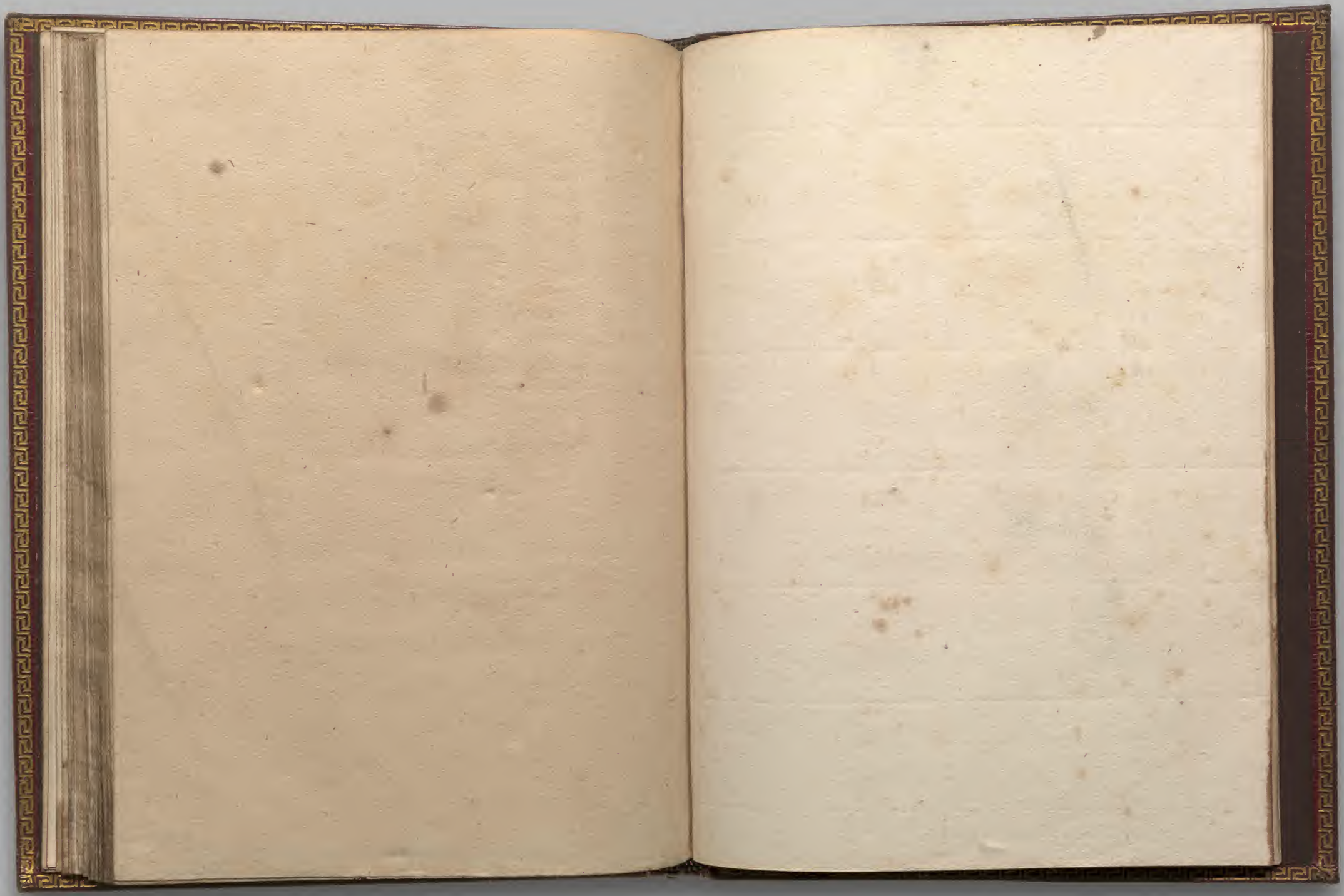
Rich. Great God of heauen say Amen to all,
But tell me is young George Stanley liuing.
Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Lester Towne,
Whither if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?
John Duke of Norffolke, Water Lord Ferris sir Robert Brookenbury, & sir William Brandon.
Rich. Inter their bodies, as become their births.
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submission will retume to vs,
And then as we haue tane the sacrament,
We will vnite the white rose and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire conjunction,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and saies not Amen?
England hath long beene madde and scard her selfe,
The brother blindlie shed the brothers blood,
The father rashlie slaughtered his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld, been butcher to the sire,
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,
Diuided in their dire diuision.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioine togither,
And let their heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faste peace,
With smiling plentie and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,
That wou'd reduce these bloudie daies againe,
And make poore England weepe in streames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taste this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace,
Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God say *Amen.*

FINIS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.21) Octavo



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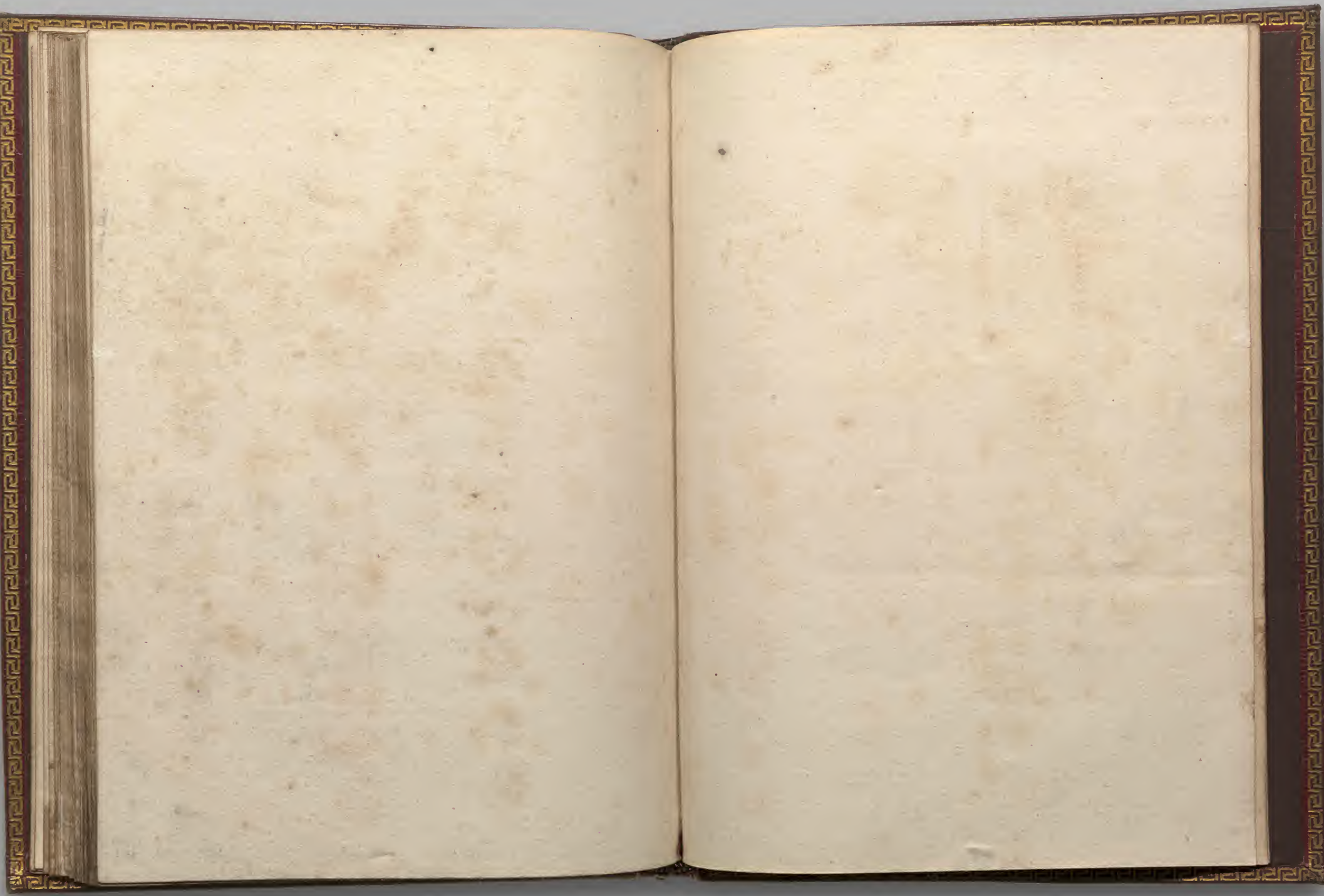

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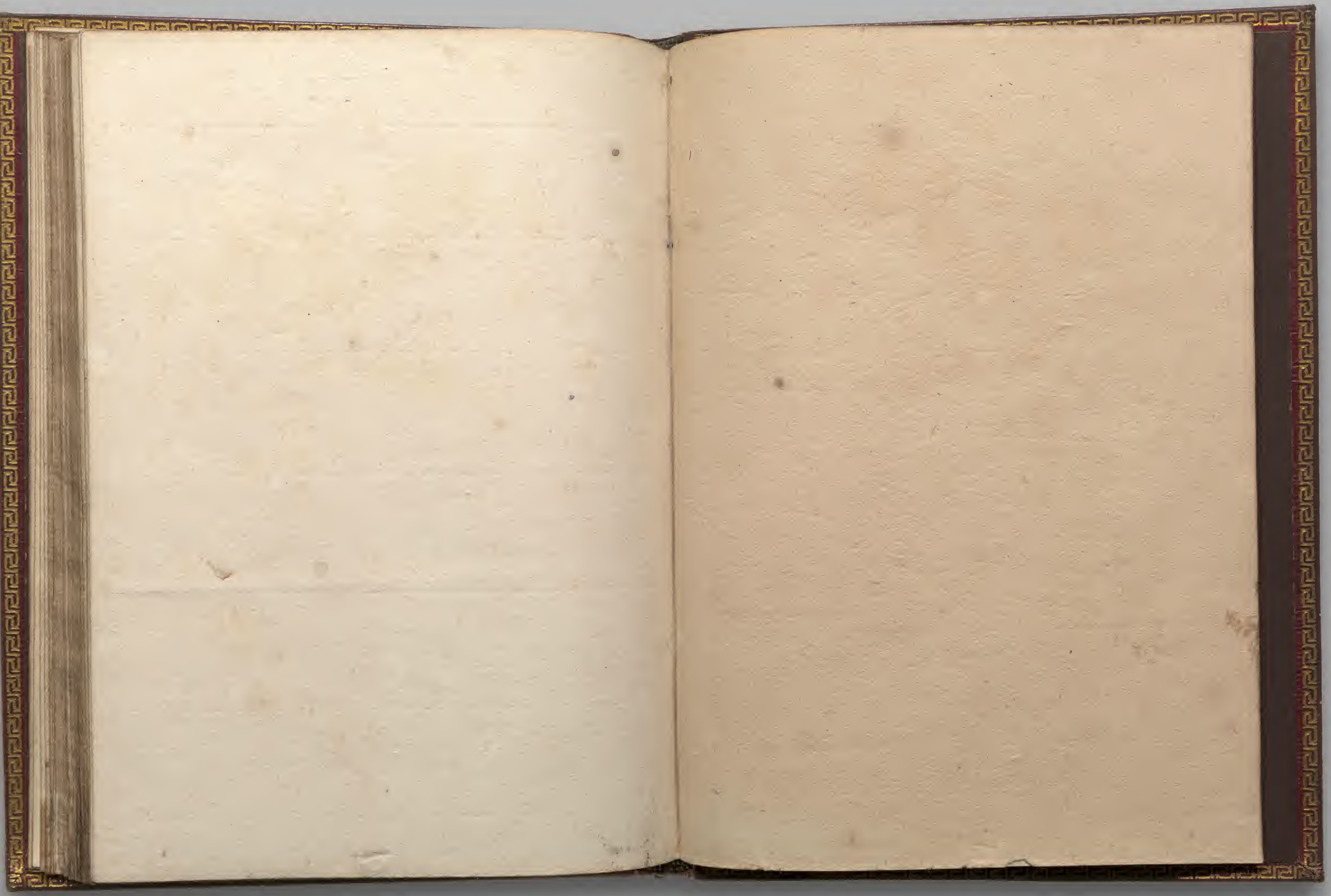

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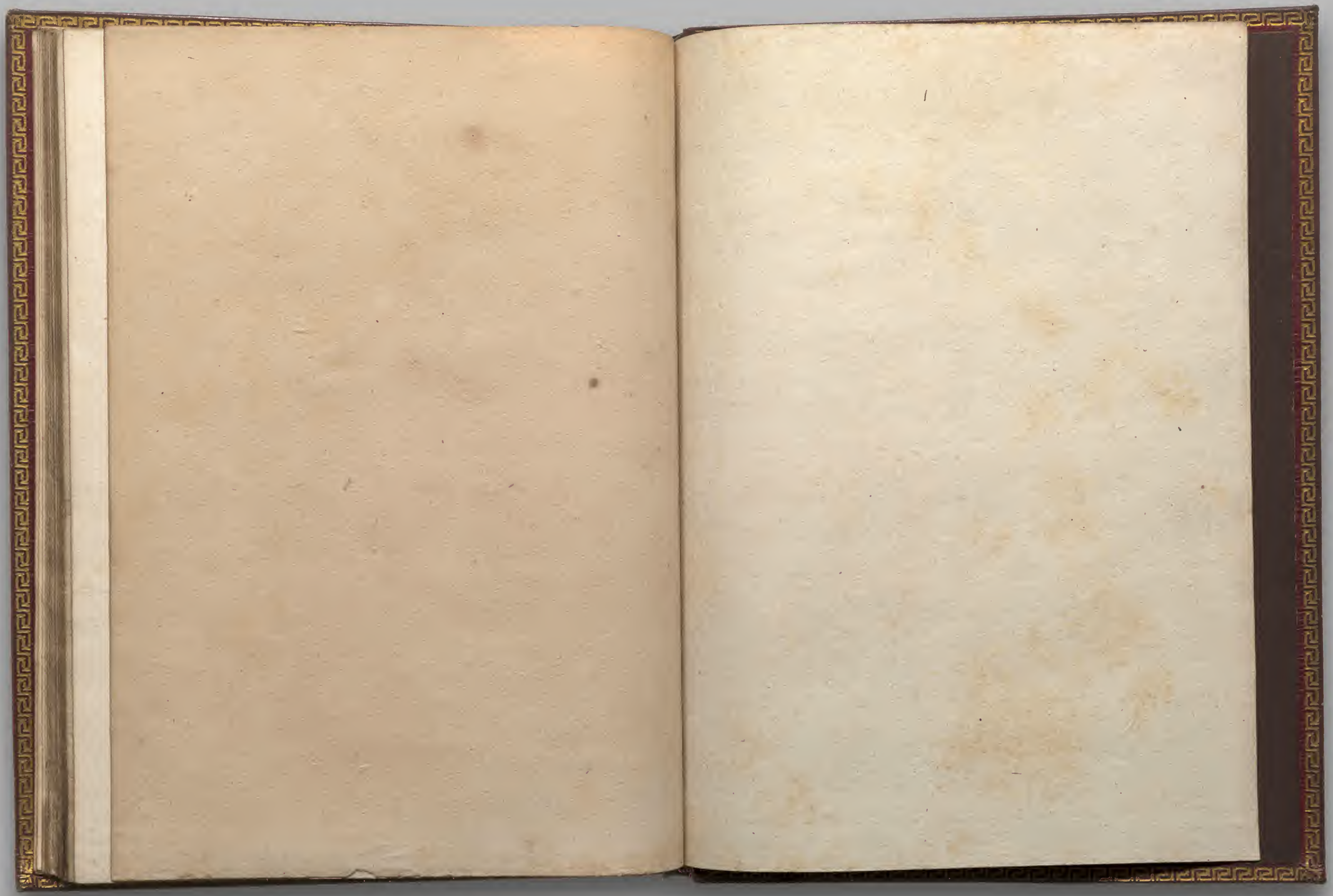

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